



THE AUTHOR OF  
THE WIZARD OF OZ  
THE LAND OF OZ  
FATHER GOOSE, etc.

NEW WONDER STORIES FOR CHILDREN  
**John Dough and The Cherub.**  
Features by John P. Neil

IS THE CHERUB  
A GIRL  
OR A BOY?



## The Gingerbread Man

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HE baker awoke at three o'clock, and soon afterward came downstairs yawning and rubbing his eyes in his accustomed manner. For it is a real hardship to arise in the middle of the night and go to work, and Monsieur Jules sometimes regretted he was such a skilful baker; for any other profession would have allowed him to sleep until daylight. But the bread and rolls and gingerbread must be fresh and warm by breakfast time, or the people would be sadly disappointed; and the only possible way to get them ready was to start the work at three o'clock.

First, he lighted the big swinging lamps, which made the room bright as day, and then he built the fires in the great furnaces. Presently these last were roaring in a very business-like manner and as soon as he heard the roar Monsieur Jules began to whistle. It was his custom, and kept him from getting lonesome while he worked.

Next he kneaded the bread, formed it into loaves, and placed them in long rows upon the slabs—ready for the oven. The rolls were then mixed and kneaded, and it took a longer time to get them ready than it had the bread, for they were small and quite daintily shaped. But at last the important task was completed, and while they were rising and the ovens heating, Monsieur mixed his gingerbread and cakes.

Somehow, the work progressed very swiftly this morning, and after a time the baker found he had a good hour to spare before the ovens would be ready.

Then an idea struck him.

"Why, today is the Fourth of July," he thought, "and that is a National Holiday. I think I will make a fine gingerbread man, such as I used to make in Paris, and put it in the shop window to attract attention. These Americans like enterprise, and they have never seen a gingerbread man, for I have not made one since I came to this country."

With Monsieur Jules, to think was to act, and scarcely had he spoken these words when he began to gather his material together for a great batch of gingerbread dough. For he resolved that the man he was about to make should be big enough and fine enough to arouse the wonder of all beholders.

He began by filling a great bowl with flour, and then rubbed into the flour some butter and lard. "That will make it short," said Monsieur. "although it is to be a tall man." Then he added some molasses. "He will be a sweet fellow," thought the baker, smiling at his own pleasantries. Then he shook in the ginger and several fragrant spices, and began mixing the dough into one great mass.

"It is too stiff," reflected the baker, a few moments later. "My man must not be stiff, for that would render him disagreeable." He laughed at the whimsical thought, and glancing around, saw the brown bowl that Madame had left sitting upon a corner of the table. It was nearly full of the precious liquid, and Monsieur Jules, with his mind intent upon his work, never stopped to wonder how it came there. Perhaps he thought he had himself unconsciously filled the bowl with water. Anyway, he dumped all of the Essence of Vitality—the Great Elixir which could never be duplicated in all the world—into the mass of dough he was preparing for his gingerbread man!

Monsieur merely noticed that the dough had now become the proper consistency, and mixed easily.

Whistling merrily, he presently spread the huge

batch of dough upon the high table and began rolling it and working it into the shape he desired.

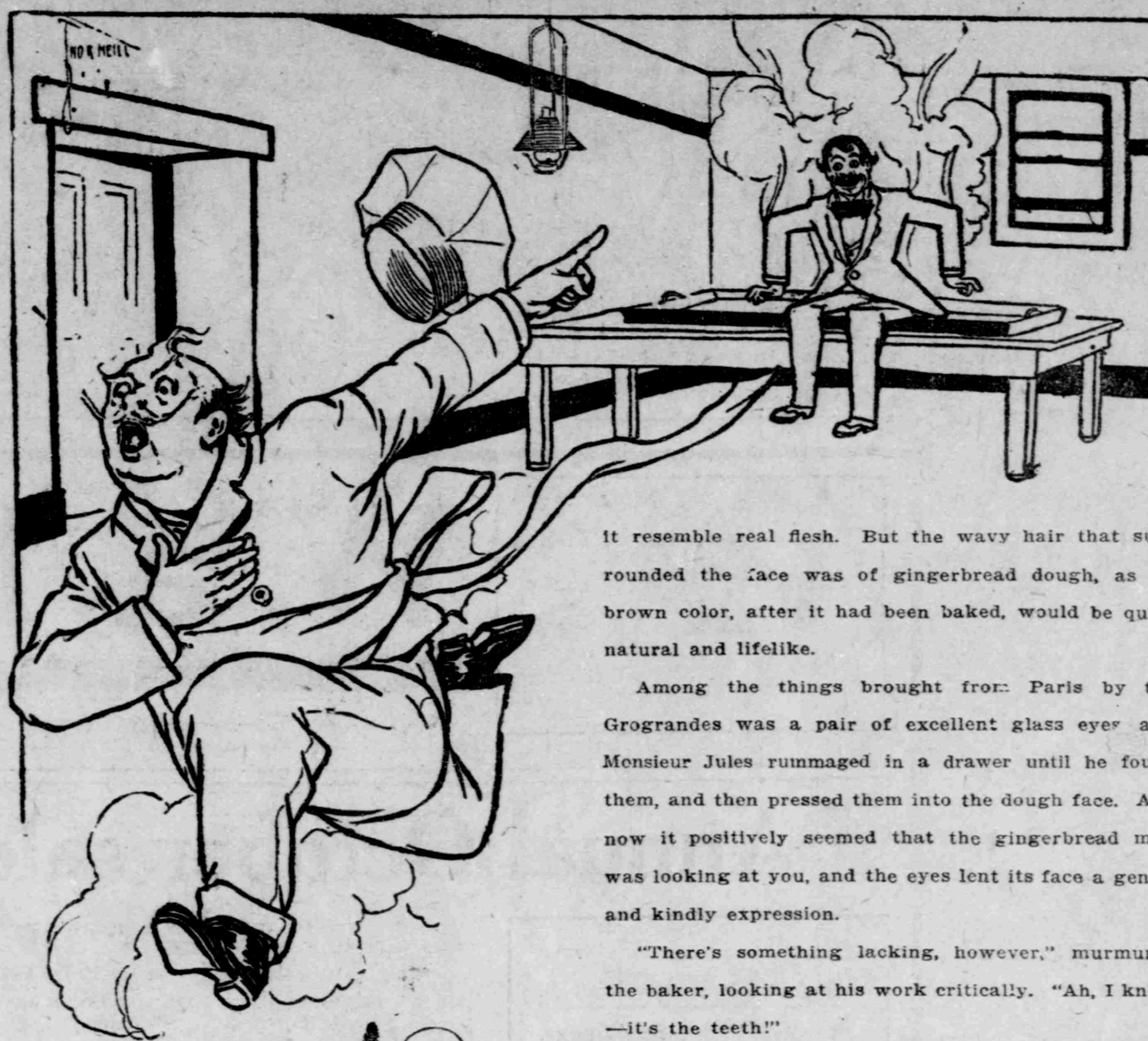
Ah, but Monsieur Jules Grogande was a true artist, although a baker! Under his skilful hands the gingerbread man slowly but surely took form; and the form was fully as large as that of a well-grown fourteen-year-old boy. But it was by no means a boy that Monsieur was forming with such care; it was, rather, the figure of a typical French gentleman, such as may seldom be met with elsewhere than on the boulevards of Paris. It was interesting to

watch the figure grow; interesting, of course, to Monsieur Jules, as there was no one else in the bakeroom to see.

The man appeared to be dressed in excellent fashion.



"He will be a sweet fellow," thought the baker



it resemble real flesh. But the wavy hair that surrounded the face was of gingerbread dough, as its brown color, after it had been baked, would be quite natural and lifelike.

Among the things brought from Paris by the Grogandes was a pair of excellent glass eyes and Monsieur Jules rummaged in a drawer until he found them, and then pressed them into the dough face. And now it positively seemed that the gingerbread man was looking at you, and the eyes lent its face a gentle and kindly expression.

"There's something lacking, however," murmured the baker, looking at his work critically. "Ah, I know—it's the teeth!"

Teeth for a gingerbread man! But nothing was easier to represent, once their absence was noted. Between the lips of the man our baker pressed to rows of small white candies, and it was wonderful to remark the pleasant smile that now lent its charm to the face.

With a sigh of satisfaction in the result of his work, the baker at last declared his gingerbread man ready for the oven.

"And it is my masterpiece!" cried Monsieur Jules, proudly. "Never, even in Paris, have I seen so perfect a man of dough. He is well worthy to have a name, and I will call him John Dough, which will be appropriate, indeed!"

But the great ovens were now glowing brightly, so Monsieur filled them with bread and rolls, and watched them carefully until the big and little loaves were all done to a turn. The cakes and cookies came next, and by the time that dawn arrived the front shop was stocked with heaps of the warm, fresh-smelling loaves and rolls, and trays of delicious cakes and buns, hot from the ovens.

Then the baker came back to his gingerbread man, which he first placed gently upon a great iron slab, and then slid it all into the open door of a perfectly heated oven.

With great anxiety Monsieur watched the oven. The dough was perfectly mixed, the workmanship was most excellent. Would the baking turn out to be as perfect as the rest? Much good dough may be spoiled in the baking. None knew that better than Jules Grogande.

So he tended the oven with nervous care, and finally, at exactly the right moment, the baker threw open the oven door and drew out the sheet of iron upon which the grand gingerbread man rested.

He was baked to perfection!

Filled with pride and satisfaction, Monsieur bent admiringly over his great creation; and as he did so, the gingerbread man moved, bent his back, sat up, and looked about him with his glass eyes, while a wondering expression crept over his face.

"Dear me!" said he, "isn't it very warm and close in this room?"

"Monsieur Jules gave a scream of terror. Then he turned and fled"

tion. Monsieur made him a collar and shirt front of white bread dough, which looked very beautiful in contrast to the brown gingerbread dough of his



"Merciful heavens! did you speak, John Dough"

clothes. Then with a lump of dough, carefully kneaded, he formed the man's necktie, making a very artistic bow, indeed. A waistcoat of fashionable cut was next added. The buttons on the man's coat were white lozenges, and to represent shoes the baker mixed his dough with licorice, until the shoes seemed as black and shiny, as if freshly polished.

You would have loved to see, could you have been present, the delicate skill with which the clever baker carved the hands and fingers of his man, using a small but sharp knife, and patting and rounding each dough finger into proper shape. He even clipped from a sheet of transparent celluloid the finger nails, and pressed them carefully into the dough at the ends of the fingers. Who but Monsieur would ever have thought of such a thing?

But, after all, it was upon the face that the baker exercised his best skill. As a sculptor forms his models out of clay, so Monsieur pressed and squeezed and molded his pliant dough, until every feature of the gingerbread man became wonderfully lifelike. Of course the face was made of the white dough, with just a trifle of the pink coloring mixed into it to make

The Great Elixir had accomplished its purpose. The wonderful Essence of Vitality, prized for centuries and closely guarded, had lent its marvelous powers of energy, strength and life to a gingerbread man! And all through the stupidity of a baker's wife who was color blind and could not distinguish a golden flask from a silver one!

Monsieur Jules, who knew nothing of the Arab's flasks, or of the Great Elixir, stared wildly into the glass eyes of the gingerbread man. He was at first sure that his own eyes, and also his ears, had played him a trick.

"John Dough—John Dough!" he cried. "did you speak? Merciful heavens! Did you speak, John Dough?"

"I did," said the gingerbread man, struggling to rise from the slab, "and I declare that it is warm and close in this room!"

Monsieur Jules gave a scream of terror. Then he turned and fled.



"Then a sudden idea struck him"

A moment later he staggered into the shop, tossed his hand above his head, and fell in a heap upon the floor—being overcome by a fainting spell.

Madame, who had just come downstairs and opened the shop, gazed upon her husband's terrified actions with an amazement that prevented her from moving a limb or uttering a sound.

What in the world could have happened to Jules?

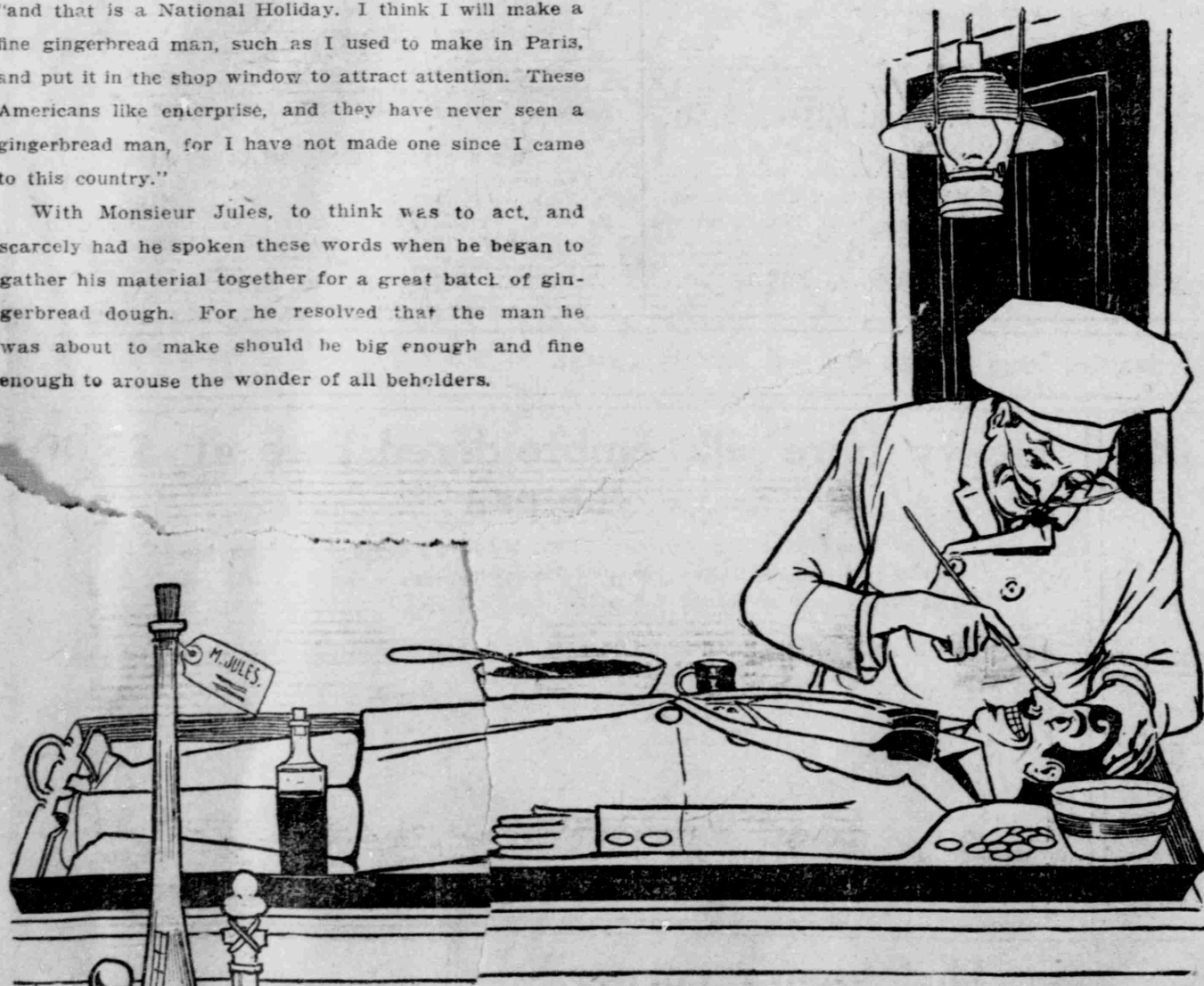
Then she received the greatest shock of her life.

From out the door of the bakeroom came a gingerbread man, so fresh from the oven, that the odor of hot gingerbread surrounded him like a cloud. He looked neither to right or left, but picked Monsieur's tall silk hat from off a peg and placed it carelessly upon his own head. Next he caught up a large candy cane from a snowcase, stepped over the prostrate body of the baker, and so left the shop, closing the front door behind him.



"He looked neither to right or left"

Madame saw him passing the windows, stopping along briskly and swinging the cane in his left hand. Then the good lady imitated her husband's example. She gave a shrill scream, threw up her hands, and tumbled over unconscious.



"Under his skilful hands the gingerbread man slowly but surely took form"

## THE GREAT JOHN DOUGH MYSTERY!

SEVERAL millions of children between the ages of 6 and 60 have come to expect a new story from L. Frank Baum each year. Six years ago he gave them the WIZARD OF OZ, which has since been published in five different languages, and besides was dramatized and played upon the stage in every prominent city in the United States, running

successfully for a period of five years.

The story for this year is JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB, which began in this paper last Sunday and will run each Sunday for twelve weeks. JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB abounds in unique Baum characters, and also contains a deep mystery to be solved

by the children themselves; viz. Is the Cherub a girl or a boy?

Chick, the Cherub, is one of the two most important personages in the book, but the author has failed to state whether or not the youngster is a girl or a boy. The children are left to decide for themselves. *Begin with the first chapters and do not miss a word of this great story.*